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ACCOUNT OF A RECENT BULL FIGHT AT MADRID.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

We have much pleasure in the opportunity which has been afforded us of presenting our readers with a faithful account of this grand national amusement of the Spaniards. Most travellers have given *descriptions* (as they term it) of a BULL FIGHT, but none, if we except *Don Leucadio Doblado*, convey an accurate idea of this sport as it is conducted in Spain. The following description by a correspondent will be found extremely interesting and truthful in every particular:

From political subjects of such importance as now agitate this fine country, and the noble inhabitants of Spain, who are poor in everything but courage, I scarcely know how to make a transition, with any grace, to a bull fight. But a traveller has many matters placed under his observation which have no affinity with each other, and he must submit to take them as they come. My prejudices against these exhibitions were very decided, and it was some time before I could prevail on myself to attend one of them. There is, however, no resisting example, and when, on Sunday last, (intercede for my pardon with the very moral press,) I saw crowds of people, men, women, and boys, hastening to the amphitheatre, I could not avoid following in their train. The amphitheatre is a vast circular building, immediately beyond the precincts of the capital, about a hundred yards from the gate called La Puerta de Alcala. It is capable of accommodating from ten to fourteen thousand persons, and I cannot afford a clearer idea of its structure, than by desiring you to imagine an extensive circular arena, which is defended by a high and strong wooden partition, that runs all around, and has four gates at the four points of the compass. One of these is used for the entry of the master of the games, or the director; another for the entry of the bulls; another for the egress of those bulls which are not killed; and the last for affording a passage to the horses, which drag out the bulls that are slain. Between the wooden boundary of the arena and that which encloses the lower gallery for the spectators, there is an open space that runs all round, in order that if the bulls should at any time overleap the boundary they may be driven back again to the arena through this space, one of the gates being opened. They are thus prevented from doing injury to the spectators. The lower gallery runs all round, sloping towards the arena, and, as well as the arena, is exposed to the open air. The second gallery, which is immediately over this, is covered by the boxes, and the boxes, which are very high, are protected from the sun and sudden rain by a narrow roof of tiles, which does not project beyond them. Fifteen reals are paid for the use of a whole box, four for the second gallery, and two for the lower one.

At three o'clock the house began to fill rapidly, and it was easy to perceive, from the expectation painted on the countenances of the visitors as they came in and seated themselves, that the bull fight is a favorite amusement. It was new to a stranger to hear the members of different parties calling out to each other, in order to arrange themselves with the greatest convenience, by such names as Barbara, Margarita, Nicolassa, Maria, Herminia, Olimpia, Pedro, Innocentio, Francisco, and others of similar terminations. The women and young girls, as usual, were all in their hair, covered, the better sort with black lace veils, and those of the less affluent classes with a black silk veil edged with lace. Most of them had also fans, which the Spanish women use not only to refresh themselves in warm weather, but to guard their eyes from the sun, who generally looks down upon this favored land without a cloud to impair his brilliancy.

The director, dressed in the ancient Spanish style, with a short black mantle, a hat turned up at the sides, and on the left side a plume of white and red feathers, rode into the arena upon a handsome charger shortly after three o'clock, and after bowing to the Alcalde who presided, and sat in the box on the right of the King's box, gave orders for the entertainment to commence. Two horses immediately appeared in the arena, each laden with two riders, who were seated on a pad back to back. The hindermost rider kept his place by holding in his left hand a cord attached to the pad, and in his right he carried a long wooden staff, pointed at the end, for the purpose of beating away the bull that was about to attack him. A bull was then let into the arena, the tips of whose horns were made harmless by being covered with lead. As soon as he saw the horsemen, he proceeded directly against one of them, and the combatants being apparently new to the office, offering no effectual resistance, he butted his horns beneath the horse's tail, and overthrew both horse and riders. He then attacked the other with equal success; when the riders were unhorsed, the bull seemed contented with his victory, and this contest was continued for some time with alternate success, the bull, however, being most frequently the conqueror, to the great amusement of the spectators.

A military band which attended having given a flourish of trumpets, this bull retired; two skilful horsemen, handsomely dressed in white and red jackets covered with gold lace, and in white hats with a large round leaf and a low arched crown, entered. They carried also each a long staff, with an iron spike in the end of it. A bull was then let in, whose horns were in their natural condition; and as soon as he fixed his wild-looking eyes on the riders, he proceeded to attack one of them. These, however, being well exercised, fought him generally away; but the contest being attended with some danger both to the horse and the rider, it excited strong interest. One of them was thrown to the ground, together with the horse, but happening to be near the partition of the arena, some of the spectators stretched over the partition to his assistance, and delivered him from the rage of the ferocious animal. When the horsemen had wearied him a little, three or four pedestrians worried him in turn. They carried in one hand a scarf of yellow or red silk, and, after approaching him, they ran towards the boundary with all speed, trailing the scarf behind; and if they were in danger of being overtaken, they let the scarf fall on the ground. The bull immediately stopped, and vented all his rage upon this scarf, as if under the belief that it covered his adversary, while the fugitive had time to leap over the boundary. After this, the animal being pretty well fatigued, the same pedestrians, who were also handsomely dressed, armed themselves with strong iron darts, and it was the object of each to run upon the bull with agility, and just as he was in the act of stooping his head to toss them, to fix two of these darts one at each side of the back of his neck. Being bearded, it was with great difficulty the animal could get rid of them, and sometimes he was seen raging round the arena, his neck bristled with these torturing instruments. At length, when he was almost exhausted, an expert performer approached the animal, holding a red mantle before him in one hand, and with the other he thrust a long sword in beneath the shoulder. The bull now fell, and another attendant now came with a knife, and fixing it in the vital part of the head, put an end to his agonies. He was then dragged along the arena by three horses, and carried away. Two bulls were killed in this manner. The second was an immensely strong one, and he leaped after one of the attendants twice over the boundary. But, from the arrangement already mentioned, he was driven into the arena again without doing any mischief. A third bull was killed in the following barbarous way: A green fir-tree was planted opposite the gate at which the bulls enter, and before this tree, a man covered with a kind of armor of oiled canvass, and, having a false head of a monster with the mouth open, knelt on one knee; a strong wooden pole with a large flat steel point, keenly sharpened, was given to him, and fixing one extremity of it in the ground, he sloped the point so as to meet the bull on rushing in at the gate. Being so fixed, the gate was opened, and a wild bull immediately rushed upon him, with such amazing force, that the spear penetrated completely through, and came out at the back. Still the animal was not mortally wounded; he attacked his adversary, who, pretending to be dead, permitted himself to be rolled about by the animal; and the bull, seeing the thing before him apparently shapeless and void of life, soon left it, and ran enfuriated over the arena, the spear still remaining in his side, for it passed immediately under the ribs to the back. It was a shocking exhibition; but still so strong was the animal, that the attendants could not get near enough, without danger, to kill him, until by means of a curved knife attached to a long pole they cut the ham-strings. Even after this he made efforts to move, but at last he fell, and his agonies were terminated. Here ended what might be called the second part.

The third part was of a more innocent, and also of a more useful character. Five or six bulls, whose horns were leaded, were let in successively into the arena, and the younger classes of the spectators crowded to emulate each other in worrying the animals. By holding their cloaks before them, or one of those gay silk or worsted scarfs which many of the Spaniards wear under the vest round the waist, they induced the bull to run after them. If he were too quick upon them, they threw down the cloak or scarf, and leaped the boundary. But frequently they could not run fast enough, and the bull threw them down. His attention being immediately drawn off to another adversary, no harm ensued. One lad, however, endeavoring to escape, fell down; the bull was instantly upon him, and raised him aloft on one of his horns as if he was a fly. The lad, with great presence of mind, finding himself riding on the horn, caught hold of the end of it, and was thus carried about the arena to the infinite amusement of the spectators; fortunately he was tossed off again without any further injury than a rent in his trowsers. In this part of the entertainment it is that the national utility, and perhaps the moral justification of these exhibitions consists; for it serves to accustom youth to danger, to render them active and dexterous, and, in some measure, to prepare them, by these mimic combats, for contests of a more important description. The whole concluded with a display of fireworks, which were upon a narrow scale. There were about five or six thousand present.

SPANISH BULL FIGHT.

PRAISE from the common people is generally false, and rather follows vain persons than virtuous ones.

MODE OF TRAINING THE ARABIAN HORSE.

THIS interesting traveler thus accounts for the hardihood displayed by the Arabian horse. They are never put under shelter, but left exposed to the most intense heat of the sun, tied by all four legs to stakes driven in the ground, so that they cannot stir. The saddle is never taken from their backs; they frequently drink but once, and have only one feed of barley in twenty-four hours. This rigid treatment, so far from wearing them out, gives them sobriety and speed. I have often admired an Arabian steed thus tied down to the burning sands, his hair loosely flowing, his head bowed between his legs to find a little shade, and stealing with his wild eye an oblique glance of his master. Release his legs from the shackles, spring upon his back, and he will "paw in the valley, he will rejoice in his strength, he will swallow the ground in the fierceness of his rage;" and you recognise the original of the picture delineated by Job. Eighty or one hundred piastres are given for an ordinary horse, which is in general less valued than an ass or mule; but a horse of a well-known Arabian breed will fetch any price. Abdallah, Pacha of Damascus, had just given 3000 piastres for one. The history of a horse is frequently the topic of conversation. When I was at Jerusalem, the feats of one of these steeds made a great noise. The Bedouin, to whom the animal, a mare, belonged, being pursued by the governor's guards, rushed with her from the top of the hills that over-looked Jericho. The mare scoured at full gallop down an almost perpendicular declivity without stumbling, and left the soldiers lost in admiration and astonishment. The poor creature, however, dropped down dead on entering Jericho, and the Bedouin, who would not quit her, was taken weeping over the body of his companion. This mare has a brother in the desert, who is so famous, that the Arabs always know where he has been, where he is, what he is doing, and how he does. Ali Aga religiously showed me in the mountains near Jericho the footsteps of the mare that died in the attempt to save her master. A Macedonian could not have beheld those of Bucephalus with greater respect.—[M. Chateaubriand's Travels in Greece.

SET THE BLIND TO CATCH THE BLIND.

IN the notes to the Waverly novels, it appears, that Sir Walter Scott happened to be standing by with other gentlemen while the Captain of the Selkirk Yeomanry was purchasing a horse for the use of his trumpeter. The animal offered was a handsome one, and neither the officer, who was an excellent jockey, nor any one present could see any imperfection in wind or limb. But a person happened to pass, who was asked to give an opinion. This man was called Blind Willie, who drove a small trade in cattle and horses; and, what seemed as extraordinary, in watches, notwithstanding his having been born blind. He was accounted to possess a rare judgment in these subjects of traffic. So soon as he had examined the horse in question, he immediately pronounced it to have something of his own complaint, and in plain words, stated it to be blind, or verging upon that imperfection, which was found to be the case upon close examination. None present had suspected this fault in the animal; which is not wonderful, considering that it may frequently exist without any appearance in the organ affected. Blind Willie being asked how he made a discovery imperceptible to so many gentleman who had their eye-sight, explained that, after feeling the horse's limbs, he laid one hand on his heart, and drew the other briskly across the animal's eyes, when, finding no increase of pulsation in consequence of the latter motion, he had come to the conclusion that the horse must be blind.

LUXURIOUS RAILROAD CARS.

THE Detroit Advertiser says the cars on the Illinois Central Railroad, for comfort and convenience, excel those on any other road in the West. One of them contains six state-rooms, each room having two seats, with cushioned backs, long enough for a person to lie upon. The backs of the seats are hung with hinges at the upper edge, so that they may be turned up at pleasure thus forming two single berths, one over the other, where persons may sleep with all the comfort imaginable. In one end of the car is a small wash-room, with marble wash bowls, looking-glasses, etc. On the opposite side of the car from the state-room is a row of seats with revolving backs, similar to barbers' chairs, so arranged that the occupant may sit straight or recline in any easy attitude at pleasure. The other five cars have each two or three similar state-rooms.

THE DOG FANCIER AND THE AMATEUR SPORTSMAN.

[We give one more sketch from "The Humors of Falconbridge," noticed at length in our last. This work should be in the hands of all who believe that a good, jolley laugh is a better medicine than castor-oil.]

While "putting up," some time ago, at the Irving House, New York, I heard a good dog story that will bear repeating, I think. A sporting gent from the country, stopping at the Irving, wanted a dog, a good dog, not particular whether it was a speniel, hound, pointer, English terrier or Butcher's bull. So a friend advised him to put an advertisement in the *Herald* and Clipper, which he did, requesting the "fancy" to bring along the right sort of dog to the Irving House, room number —.

The advertisement appeared simultaneously in the two papers on Saturday. There were but few calls that day; but on Monday, the Clipper having been freely imbibed by its numerous readers over Sunday, the dog men were awake, and then began the scene. The occupant of room number — had scarcely got up, before a servant appeared with a man and a dog.

"Believe, sir, you advertised for a dog?" quoth he with the animal.

"Yes," was the response of the country fancy man, who, by the way, it must be premised, was rather green as to the quality and prices of fancy dogs.

"What kind of a dog do you call that?" he added.

"A greyhound, full blooded, sir."

"Full blooded?" says the country sportsman. "Well, he don't look as though he had much blood in him. He'd look better, wouldn't he, mister, if he was full bellied—looks as hollow as a flute!"

This remark, for a moment, rather staggered the dog man, who first looked at his dog and then at the critic. Choking down his dander, or disgust, says he:

"That's the best greyhound you ever saw, sir."

"Well, what do you ask for him?"

"Seventy-five dollars."

"What? Seventy-five dollars for that dog frame?"

"I guess you're a fool any way," says the dog man: "you don't know a hound from a tan yard cur, you jackass! Phe-e-wt! come along, Jerry!" and the man and dog disappeared.

The man with the hollow dog had not stepped out two minutes, before the servant appeared with two more dog merchants; both had their specimens along, and were invited to "step in."

"Ah! that's a dog!" ejaculated the country sportsman, the moment his eyes lit upon the massive proportions of a thundering edition of Mt. St. Bernard.

"That *is* a dog, sir," was the emphatic response of the dog merchant.

"How much do you ask for that dog?" quoth the sportsman.

"Well," says the trader, patting his dog, "I thought of getting about fifty-five dollars for him, but I—"

"Stop," interrupted the country sportsman, "that's enough—he won't suit, no how; I can't go them figures on dogs." The man and dog left growling, and the next man and dog were brought up.

"Why, that's a queer dog, mister, ain't it? 'Tain't got no hair on it; why, where in blazes did you raise such a dog as that; been scalded, hain't it?" says the rural sportsman, examining the critter.

"Scalded?" echoed the dog man, looking no ways amiable at the speaker, "why didn't you never see a Chinese terrier, afore?"

"No, and if that's one, I don't care about seeing another. Why, he looks like a singed possum?"

"Well, you're a pooty looking country jake, you are, to advertise for a *dog*, and don't know Chiney terrier from a singed possum?"

Another rap at the door announced more dogs, and as the man opened it to get out with his singed possum, a genus who evidently "killed for Keyser," rushed in with a pair of the ugliest-looking—savage—snub-nosed, slaughter-house pups, "the fancy" might ever hope to look upon! As these meat-axish canines made a rush at the very boot tops of the country sportsman, he "shied off," pretty perceptibly.

"Are you de man advertised for de dogs, sa-a-ay? You needn't be afraid o' dem; come a'here, lay da-own, Balty—day's de dogs, mister, vot you read of!"

"Ain't they rather fierce?" asked the rural sportsman, eyeing the ugly brutes.

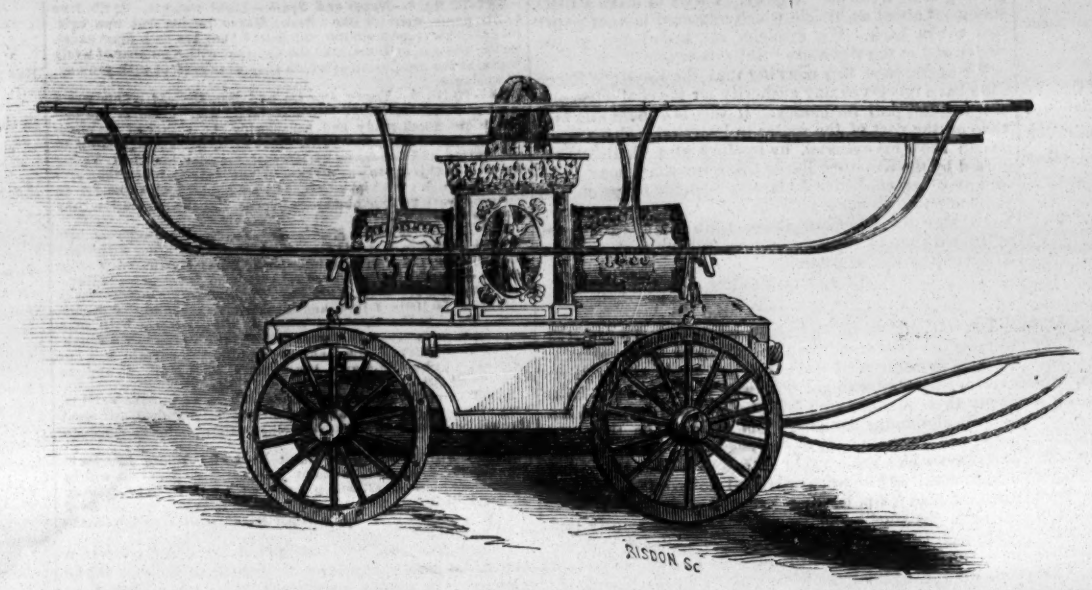
"Fierce? Better believe dey are—show 'em a f-f-ight, if you want to see 'em go in for de chances! You want to see der teeth?"

"No, I guess not," timidly responded the sportsman; "they are not exactly what I want," he continued.

"What," says Jakey, "don't want 'em? Why, look a'here, you don't go for to say dat you 'spect I'm agoin' for to fetch d-dogs clean down here, for nuthin', do you, sa-a-ay? Cos if you do, I'll jis drop off my duds and lam ye out o' yer boots!"

Jakey was just beginning to square, when his belligerent propositions were suddenly nipped in the bud, by the servant opening the door and ushering in more dogs; and no sooner did Jakey's pups see the new-comers, than they went in; a fight ensued—both of Jakey's pups lighting down on an able-bodied, big-bone sorrel dog, who appeared perfectly happy in the transaction, and having a tremendous jaw of his own, made the bones of the pups crack with the high pressure he gave them. Of course a dog fight is the *cue* for a man fight, and in the wag of a dead lamb's tail, Jakey and the proprietor of the sorrel dog had a dispute. Jakey was attitudinizing *a la* "the fancy," when the sorrel dog man—who, like his dog, was got up on a liberal scale of strength and proportions—walked right into Jakey's calculations, and whirled him in double flip-flaps on to the wash-stand of the rural sportsman's room! Our sporting friend viewed the various combatants more in bodily fear than otherwise, and was making a break for the door, to clear himself, when, to his horror and amazement, he found the entry beset by sundry men and boys, and any quantity of dogs—dogs of every hue, size and description. At that moment the chawed-up pups of Jakey, and their equally used-up master, came a rushing down stairs—another fight ensued on the stairs between Jakey's dogs and some others, and then a stampede of dogs—mixing up of dogs—tangling of ropes and straps—cursing and hurraing, and such a time generally, as is far better imagined than described. The boarders hearing such a wild outcry—to say nothing of the yelps of dogs, came out of their various rooms, and retired as quickly, to escape the stray and confused dogs, that now were ki-yi-ing, yelping, and pitching all over the house! By judicious marshalling of the servants—broom-sticks, rolling-pins and canes, the dogs and their various proprietors were ejected, and order once more restored; the country sportsman seized his valise, paid his bills and "vamosed the ranche," and ever after it was incorporated in the rules of the Irving, that gentlemen are strictly prohibited from dealing in dogs while "putting up" in that house.

Let Your Dog's tail Alone.—Blackwood says: What an absurd as well as barbarous act to cut off a dog's tail! you might just as well cut out his tongue. In fact, a dog talks far less with his tongue than he does with his tail. With his tail a dog expression not only gratitude, as Fido did, but hope, entreaty, complaisance, affection, love, obedience, wrath, shame, defiance, fear, and frolic. It is clear, then, that in depriving a dog of his tail you deprive him of an organ of speech.



TRADESMEN FIRE ENGINE, NO. 37.

Among the many objects of interest at the recent exhibition of the American Institute, at the Crystal Palace, the many new and magnificent fire engines, hose carts, and hook and ladder trucks, were not the least attractive. Improvements in this branch of mechanism are constantly being made, and a comparison between our fire apparatus of the present and that of former times will convince every beholder that, as regards the manufacture of fire engines, &c., we are making rapid progress for the better. The above engraving represents "Tradesmen Fire Engine, No. 37," one of those at the Crystal Palace Exhibition.

FREE FIGHT AMONG THE SHANGHAIS.

A HANDLER ROUGHLY HANDLED.

A SHANGHAI "SELL."

Mr. Boyd is a valuable citizen, but we regret to say, very easily irritated. This fact is known to a couple of butcher boys, by the name of Donnelly and Smith who reside in the immediate vicinity of Mr. Boyd. If there is any article in this world that Mr. B. is down on, it is a Shanghai rooster. For this prejudice, Mr. is indebted to a purchase which he made during the hen fever. During the excitement, Mr. B. bought a pair of imported chickens, for which he gave $63. He kept them a year, and suffered a loss of $125—$26 in feed, and $100 for damages, paid to Mr. Emery, because the male bird attacked a little boy, and tore his nose open. Since that day, Mr. B. has been down on Shanghais.

This fact is well known to the two butcher boys aforesaid. On Monday last, they felt like fun, and came to the conclusion that they would turn Mr. Boyd's prejudices to account. They accordingly concocted the following advertisement, and inserted it in the Albany Knickerbocker:

Wanted—A pair of first quality Shanghai Roosters. For fine blooded fowls, $15 will be paid.

W. C. S. Boyd, Lidius Street.

An offer of this kind of course rather took the crowd. At such prices, there was not a bird fancier in the city who was not willing to supply Mr. Boyd with all the "fine blood" he could possibly want. The first operator that appeared was a dealer from the Bowery.

"Is Mr. Boyd in?"

"No, he's not; and if he was, what business is it to you?"

"I've brought them chickens."

"What chickens?"

"Those he advertised for this morning—a pair of full blood Shanghais. Read that."

He, the Bowery operator, drew out the Knickerbocker, and requested the housemaid to run her eye over that advertisement.

"And Mr. Boyd is not in?"

"No, sir, and what's more, he won't be in till evening. He's gone to Lains burning,"

"But I can leave the chickens, I suppose, provided I don't ask for the money till he returns?"

"Of course. Place them in the cellar."

The Bowery dealer did as requested, and left the house, promising to call about tea-time. He had hardly got around the corner before a young man who formerly tended shop for Joe Clark made his appearance with the "killingest pair of chickens ever seen in America!"

"Is Mr. Boyd in?"

"No, he's not."

"Well, here's them chickens he advertised for. Where shall I put them till he comes back?"

"Throw them into the cellar, bad luck to them."

Mr. Clark's "young man" obeyed orders, and then followed the Bowery boy around the corner. Mr. Clark's young man was followed by nineteen others, each with a pair of Shanghai roosters in his hand. They were all placed in the cellar. Mr. Boyd arrived home about 5 o'clock P. M. He went up stairs, pulled off his coat, and then repaired to the front basement.

"What's all that row, Margery?"

"The black cock has kilt the yaller one, and is now crowing over it."

"Crowing over it! what do you mean?"

"Why, that we've had the devil's own time since you've been gone."

"With what?"

"With them Shanghais."

"What Shanghais?"

"Them you put in the Knickerbocker."

"In the Knickerbocker? What are you talking about?"

"The Shanghai, sir. Nineteen pair, and some of them big enough to trot a coach."

"And who brought nineteen pairs of Shanghais here?"

"The men who owned them."

"And for what purpose?"

"Because you put them in the Knickerbocker."

"Nonsense—I've no Shanghais in the Knickerbocker, and want none—throw them into the street."

"Not I. By my troth, I'd as soon take a grip of a kitchen donkey."

Here the twenty-seven full blooded roosters started a crow that might have been heard as far as Troy and back again.

"Will you throw those chickens into the street?"

"Niver! I'd sooner loose my place and both hands."

"Well then, I'll do it."

Here Mr. Boyd seized an axe helve and went. In about fifteen minutes eight Shanghais were placed "hors de combat," while the other nineteen on the opposite side-walk were fighting for the pre-emption right of a piece of dough-nut. Mr. Boyd having cleared the house of the "cursedest thing that ever was invented," returned to the supper room for the purpose of taking tea. As he had just faced his first cup and piece of toast, "don't on the first side," when a rap was heard at the front door.

"See who that is, Margery."

Margery obeyed orders, and in a moment returned.

"Who is it?"

"Five gentlemen who wish to see Mr. Boyd."

"Take them in the parlor and say that I'll be up in a moment."

"Yes, sir."

Margery left his presence, and carried out the order according to the instructions received from her employer.

In a few moments Mr. Boyd finished up his tea and toast, and called in his callers.

"Well gentlemen, what do you wish?"

"Pay for them cocks."

"What cocks?"

"Those Shanghais we brought this morning."

"And who told you to bring me any Shanghai cocks?"

"Your advertisement in the Knickerbocker."

"No such thing. I've not had an advertisement in the Knickerbocker for two years."

"That be blowed. You don't think you can gull us with such gammon."

"Do you know to whom you are addressing such language?"

"Of course we do; to a man who wants to swindle folks out of their chickens. You are a humbug, you are."

"Leave the house, sir."

"I'll not leave till I have my chickens or your money."

"As for money, I owe you none. Your chickens you will find in the street—saving those that were killed in the cellar."

"And do you suppose that we are going to be swindled out of our property in this manner?"

"I've told you twice already that I want no more conversation with you. Leave the house, or I'll serve you as I did the Shanghais!"

"And how's that?"

"Pitch you into the street!"

"That's just our play. Undertake to pitch us into the street, and we'll charge nothing for the chickens."

Mr. Boyd accepted the challenge, but lost by it. He got so awfully pummeled by the young man who formerly tended store for Clark, that his head looked like a harvest moon—very much swelled, and slightly tinged with vermillion. This was on Tuesday evening. On Wednesday morning, Mr. Boyd appeared at the Police Office, and swore out a warrant against half the chicken growers in the city.

Mr. Boyd is exasperated, and allows that if there is any justice in the State, the young man who formerly tended for Clark shall have his share of it.—[Albany Police Gazette.

A MONKEY'S MEMORY.

Authors generally think the monkey race are not capable of retaining lasting impressions, but their memory is remarkably tenacious when striking events call it into action. A monkey which was permitted to run free, had frequently seen the man servant in the great country kitchen, with its huge fireplace, take down a powder horn that stood on the chimney-place, and throw a few grains into the fire, to make Jemima and the rest of the maids jump and scream, which they always did on such occasions very prettily.

Pug watched his opportunity, and when all was still, and he had the kitchen to himself, he clambered up, got possession of the well filled powder horn, perched himself very gingerly on one of the horizontal wheels placed for the support of sauce-pans, right over the warm ashes of an almost extinct wood fire, screwed off the top of the horn and reversed it over the grate. The explosion sent him half way up the chimney. Before he was blown up he was a snug, trim, well-conditioned monkey as you would wish to see on a summer day—he came down a carbonated "nigger" in miniature, in an avalanche of burning soot.

The weight with which he pitched upon the hot ashes, in the midst of the general flare-up aroused him to a sense of his condition. He was missed for days. Hunger at last drove him forth; he sneaked into the house close-singed, begrimmed, and looked scared and ugly. He recovered with care; and like some great personages, he never got over the sudden elevation and fall, but became a sadder if not a wiser monkey. If ever Pug forgot himself and was troublesome, you had only to take down a powder horn in his presence, and he was off to his hole like a shot, screaming and chattering his jaws like a pair of castanets.

DEEP PLAY.

General Ogle was a noble-minded man, a pleasant companion, a sincere friend, and a most indulgent parent. His only failing—which in these fashionable times perhaps, will not be called a fault—was his unconquerable attachment to play.

A few weeks before he was to sail for India, he constantly attended Pain's, in Charles-street, St. James's Square, where he alternately won and lost large sums. One evening there were before him two wooden bowls full of gold, which held fifteen hundred guineas each: and also four thousand guineas in *rouleaus*, which he had won. When the box came to him, he shook the dice and with great coolness and pleasantry said—"Come, I'll either win or lose seven thousand upon this hand: will any gentleman set me the whole? Seven thousand is the main." Then, rattling the dice once more, cast the box from him and quitted it, the dice remaining covered. Though the general did not consider this too large a sum for one man to risk at a single throw, the rest of the company did, and for some time he remained unset. He then said—"Well, gentlemen, will you make it up amongst you?" One set him £500, another £500.—"Come," says he, "whilst you are making up this money—£7000, I'll tell you a story." Here he began to relate a story, that was pertinent to the moment; but perceiving that he was completely set, stopped short—laid his hand upon the box, saying, I believe I am set, gentlemen?"—"Yes, sir: seven is the main." He threw out! then, with astonishing coolness, took up his snuff-box, and smiling, exclaimed, "Now, gentlemen, I'll finish my story, if you please!"

WILD HORSES.

Wild horses are taken notice of by several of the ancients. Herodotus mentions white wild horses on the banks of the Hypanis, in Scythia. He likewise tells us, that in the northern part of Thrace, beyond the Danube, there were wild horses covered all over with hair, five inches in length. The wild horses in America are the offspring of domestic horses originally transported thither from Europe, by the Spaniards. The author of the History of the Buccaneers informs us, that troops of horses, sometimes consisting of five hundred, are frequently met with in the island of St. Domingo; that, when they see a man, they all stop, and that one of their number approaches to a certain distance, blows through his nostrils, take flight, and is instantly followed by the whole troop. He describes them as having gross heads and limbs, and long necks and ears. The inhabitants tame them with ease, and then train them to labor. In order to take them, gins of ropes are laid in the places where they are known to frequent. When caught by the neck, they soon strangle themselves, unless some person arrives in time to disentangle them. They are tied to trees by the body and limbs, and are left in that situation two days, without victuals or drink. This treatment is generally sufficient to render them more tractable, and they soon become as gentle as if they had never been wild. Even when any of these horses, by accident, regain their liberty, they never resume their savage state, but know their masters, and allow themselves to be approached and retaken.

From these, and similar facts, it may be concluded that the dispositions of horses are gentle; and that they are naturally disposed to associate with man. After they are tamed, they never forsake the abodes of man. On the contrary, they are anxious to return to the stable. The sweets of habit seem to supply all that they have lost by slavery. When fatigued, the mansion of repose is full of comfort, they smell it at a considerable distance; can distinguish it in the midst of populous cities, and seem uniformly to prefer bondage to liberty. By some attention and address, colts are, at first, rendered tractable. When that point is gained, by different modes of management, the docility of the animal is improved, and they soon learn to perform, with alacrity, the labors assigned to them. The domestication of the horse is, perhaps, the noblest acquisition from the animal world, which has ever been made by the genius, the art and the industry of man. He is taught to partake of the dangers and fatigues of war, and seems to enjoy the glory of victory. He even seems to participate in human pleasures and amusements. He delights in the chase and the tournament, and his eyes sparkle with emulation in the course. Though bold and intrepid, he does not allow himself to be hurried on by a furious ardor. On proper occasions he represses his movements, and knows how to check the natural fire of his temper. He not only yields to the hand, but seems to consult the inclination of his rider; always obedient to the impressions he receives, he flies, or stops, and regulates his motions solely by the will of his master.

We have seen a horse who danced to music; who, at the command of his master, affected to be lame; who simulated death, lay motionless, with his limbs extended, and allowed himself to be dragged about till some words were pronounced, when he instantly sprung to his feet. Facts of this kind would scarcely receive credit, if so many persons were not now acquainted with the wonderful docility of the horses educated by Astley, North, Franconi, and others. In exhibitions of this kind, the docility and prompt obedience of the animals deserve more admiration than the dextrous feats of the men.

Lewis County (N. Y.) Horses and the Emperor of France.—Flying along the Boulevards, and through the Champs Elysees, may be seen a beautiful pair of bay horses, attached to a fine carriage, in which are seated the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress. These beautiful bays attract not much less attention than the Emperor and the Empress themselves. They were raised and owned by Eli B. Hough, of Martinsburg, and sold by him to some parties near Schenectady, afterward sent to Long Island, and were then purchased by the French Consul at the price of $3,000, and sent out to Louis Napoleon. Wonder if they understand French?

Singular Premiums.—Among the premiums offered by the Coles County Fair, held at Charleston, Ill., last week, were the following: To the ugliest man in this or adjoining State, to be adjudged by a committee of ladies, $10 mirror; to the tallest man, $5 walking-stick; to the shortest man, $5 pair high-heeled boots; to the smallest animal of any kind of its age, one volume Prairie Farmer; to the best original conundrum, one volume New Orleans Picayune; to the best original toast, one volume National Intelligencer; to a word of sentence, with best comic definition, one Com. Blackstone.

Veteran Fifer.—Mr. Josiah Smith of Lexington commenced playing the fife in public at eleven years of age and being now in his sixty-eigth year, has, of course been in the field fifty-seven years. He still plays as well as ever, having been out with various bands of this vicinity a greater part of the present season. Mr. Simpson, the celebrated drummer, has played in public, we are informed, some two years less than Mr. Smith.—[Boston Telegraph.

Good Fishing.—A few days since, some Portsmouth, N. H., fishing boats fell in with an unusual shoal of mackerel, covering at least an acre—a dense, solid mass of fish, swept along by the tide, for they were too thickly packed to swim, and those on the surface were continually forced out of the water. The boats took 350 barrels, all they could carry, and might have taken 1200 barrels if they could have contained as many.

Great Shooting.—Twelve sportsmen went down from Petersburg, Va., to Broadway, on the Appomattox, on Wednesday, in pursuit of sora. Upon counting the game, it was ascertained that the twelve had succeeded in killing sixteen hundred of the delicious birds. One gentleman alone realized 220 as the result of his sport.

The Parson and the Dog Fight.—At Kenwyn, two dogs, one of which was the parson's, were fighting at the west end of the church. The parson, who was then reading the second lesson, rushed out of his pew, went down and parted them, returned to the pew, and, being doubtful where he had left off, asked the clerk, "Roger, Where was I?" "Why, down parting the dogs, master, said Roger.

Do-Nothing Dogs.—The number of dogs employed for useful purposes in Austria amounts to one and a half million; it is the intention of government to impose on each a tax of two florins (about 4f.).

Tax the dog and his master as one, for their is no difference between the man and the beast in that country.

Clear the Track.—A sporting young lady says: "'the course of true love never does run smooth,' why don't they water it, and roll it regularly so many hours a day, until they get the course so smooth that a donkey could run upon it!"